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FINDING DEFECTS IN PARCEL POST.

WHILE the Post-Office authorities have good cause for gratification in the success achieved by the Parcel Post, the public is not without some grounds for complaint. As the service goes on, it is found the zone system of rates is subject to defects, some of which can be remedied without altering the system itself. Instances are cited where the postal rate for a seven-pound shipment is fixed at 30 cents, the point of destination being in the second zone, whereas express charges for the same shipment would be but 18. Similar discrepancies occur throughout the whole system.

Eventually it will probably be advisable to get rid of the zones and the system of special stamps. There is, of course, justification for demanding more for a shipment to California than for one to New Jersey, but in ordinary mails it has been convenient to waive the discrimination. The trouble is greater than the profit pays for. Experience has proven it to be better to make one charge for all distances, just as street railways make one price fare for a block or for the length of the route.

THE CAB ORDINANCE COMMISSION.

MAYOR GAYNOR'S appointment of a special committee to draft a cab ordinance for the city finds justification in the pressing need of the work. We have now a general cab ordinance and a special cab ordinance, and, as the Mayor puts it, "This condition has not brought about good service. The rates of the specially favored cabs are high and the other cabmen are driven to extortion of illegal rates in order to live."

The subject has been under discussion for a year. A committee of the Board of Aldermen has given ample hearings to all sides and to all phases of the issue. It has brought in a report including a draft of an ordinance that has received a wide measure of approval. The one thing to be done is to get the new law enacted and put into force. The Mayor's committee can materially assist in that direction. In that service lies its usefulness. As the members are to act "voluntarily," the force of their energy will show the standard of their good will. Therefore promptness may be expected of them.

THE MASTER BUILDER AND HIS TRADE.

THE bill introduced into the Legislature requiring master builders to pass an examination before being authorized to practise their trade or business has many good arguments in its favor, and is reputed to be backed by organizations of established character. Nevertheless, it is one of the innovations whose every feature should be counted, measured and weighed with due consideration and even reconsideration.

We have done very well in this country by leaving men free to exercise and develop their energies and talents untrammelled by governmental supervision and boards of examiners. Where examiners have been established and certificates of competency demanded of would-be practitioners standards are not much higher than in trades where no such restrictions are placed on industry and ambition.

That a builder should know his trade is quite true. But can a board devise better tests of competency than those already required—success and popular confidence? Under the present open competition, a builder that is incompetent soon gets out of the business or out of the city. Why give him a certificate to stay?

THE WORKING GIRL AND HER PRETTY CLOTHES.

AMONG the human interest stories that have come out of the strikes of the garment-makers there is none with a brighter red glow in it than that told by one of the girls at the mass meeting at the Berkeley Theatre, how she and her poorly paid companions manage to dress neatly and look well on their scant wages. It is a story of mutual help and of economy practised not only as a virtue but as an art and a sympathy.

"The girls in the shirt waist factories," said she, "help the girls that are doing other things to make their shirt waists and the skirt makers help the shirt waist girls to make their skirts." The story ran on of long searching among push-cart dealers for bargains in cloths; of shirt waists made at a cost of 15 cents and skirts for $1; of a girl that makes coats and jackets for herself out of the cast-off garments of father and brother of another girl that makes over her own clothes for her little sister, and dyes them to give a glow of freshness to the cloth.

This is the plain story of the neat clothes of girls that work for wages of about $5 a week. Worldly-wise folks have not infrequently mistaken the pretty waists and neat skirts as evidences of immorality. We now see how abashed such wisdom looks when confronted by a simple tale of truth.

Letters From the People

Fewer Fires.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have been living in a certain uptown district for the past four years and have often heard the fire engines going past the door two or three times an evening. Since the alleged "arson clique" has been found out there has seemed to be a very marked absence of fires around the neighborhood. Can any reader explain the sudden stoppage of fires since that time? A. J. L.

A Suburban Trolley Menace.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

While I was standing at the railroad crossing at Richmond Hill, L. I., a few weeks ago something happened that I think might have resulted in a serious accident with loss of life. It is the custom of the trolley car conductor to get off the car at this crossing and go across the tracks before the car and pull a switch or something. On this night I speak of the conductor gave the signal to come ahead. The car started, but the motorman did not allow for the pole coming off the wire, and the car was stuck in the middle of the Long Island Railroad tracks. A passenger tried to put the pole on the wire, but his eyesight must have been bad and he could not do it. In the mean time the headlight of a train was seen up the railroad track and the people in the crowded car were getting restless. Several men then got off the car and tried to put back the pole. Fortunately some one managed to get the trolley on the wire and a panic was averted. I think that some action should be taken to prevent a repetition.

School Punishments.

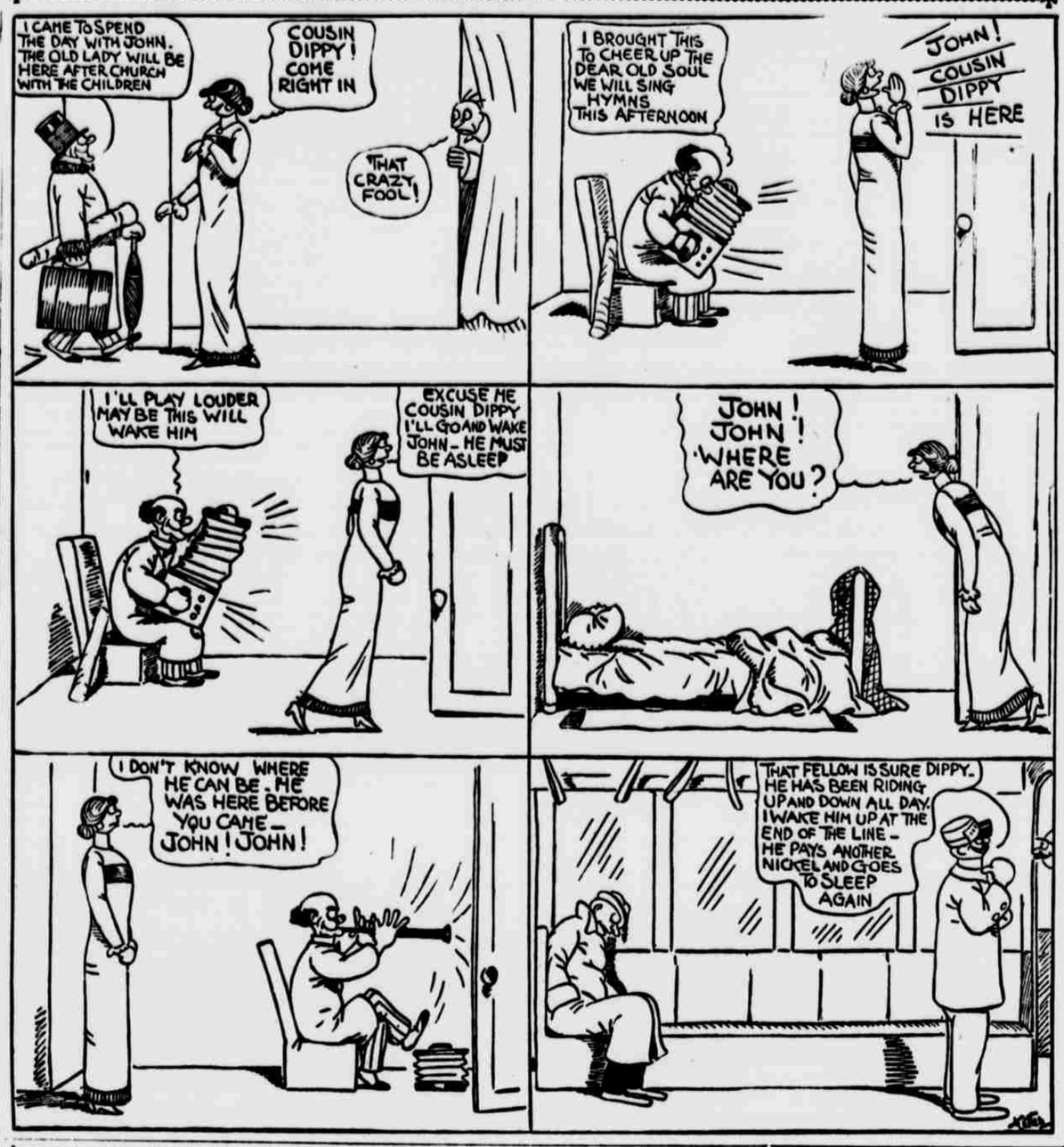
To the Editor of The Evening World:

In regard to W. E. D.'s letter on a schoolboy's punishment, I wish to remark that such practice is nothing but foolishness. The present system in New York schools apparently allows this. The way some teachers waste time on such trifles is appalling. It was the same way when I went to school. Let's hear what other readers think of a teacher who made a student write the following two hundred times for throwing a paper aeroplane out of a window: "It is a good thing to fool a teacher, but it is bad when you get caught."

B. B. I.

The Day of Rest

By Maurice Ketten



Historic Hymns

By Frederic Reddall.
Staff Lecturer N. Y. Board of Education.

"RISE, MY SOUL!"

THE development of Methodism and of other independent sects in England in the eighteenth century left a perfect flood of religious verse—some of it too emotional and even commonplace to survive, but in the main dignified, devout and denoting the spiritual awakening of the whole nation. This poetic impulse was felt throughout the three kingdoms, England, Wales and Scotland. And when such men as the Wesleys, Watts, Doddridge, Kebie and Faber began to write their output was for all time.

Among the lesser lights was Robert Seagrave, a clergyman of the Established Church, who, early in his ministry, was repelled by the scandalously low standards then prevailing.

"He was born at Twyford, Leicestershire, 1693, where his father was vicar. He received his education at Cambridge, and in 1715 he took orders in the Church of England, but very soon showed his distaste for the moral condition of the clergy. This opened his life-work. He published between 1731 and 1738 several pamphlets with reformation in view, but it was like a voice crying in the desert. He therefore withdrew entirely from the Church of England and imitated the course of Whitefield," joining the Calvinistic Methodists, and preaching independently. Seagrave died about 1755; he wrote at least fifty original hymns, some of them in use to-day, notably:

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace."

This, with its splendid musical accompaniment (the tune known as "Amsterdam," by Dr. Nares), forms one of our finest examples of what a congregational hymn should be. It has few superiors, and not many equals:

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy dwelling place.
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above!"

Guidebook to Gallantry.

By Alma Woodward.

RESTAURANT CONDUCT.

ALWAYS give the lady her choice of restaurants; so that, in a moment of pique, after she's given you the grand raspo, she won't be able to say:

"He tried to train me to the bean and butter cakes brigade, but it was no go!"

When the handsome hatboy severs the tie that conects you to your coat and lid, quell your desire for bloodthirsty battle and bestow upon him a Mona Lisa smirk, at the same time accepting graciously the slice of pasteboard that is more binding than a first mortgage.

Leaving the hatboy, dispel all thought of him, lest your appetite becomes much impaired and extend a brotherly hand to the headwaiter, who will look in distress over a vast sea of empty tables trying to find just one that is not reserved (?). And just as he is about to give up hope of housing you uncover a green certificate to make his eyesight come back to him. The suddenness with which he'll lamp that unreserved table will make a hit with the lady, who will immediately surmise that you're a rounder, an habitue, &c., to get such elegant service!

When she says:

"Oh, you order! I never know what to eat!"

Beware! She is the kind that knows the bill of fare upside down, and the wine list is more familiar to her than thy year of her birth. If you like her fairly well and wish to be pleasing to her, order a sensible meal with maybe one unusual dish and a quart of something red and pretty rank. But if you want to win her undying adoration throw in the clutch, take off the speedometer, let 'er rip and rely upon the night-and-day bank for immediate reference!

If the waiter has any little, solicitous suggestions to make, such as celery at seventy-five a throw, or an Astrachan caviar canape, a mere bagatelle at $1.50 per head, be grateful and LOOK graceful—and acquiesce immediately.

When he has served you the meat course and you find some unimportant article, perhaps salt or water, missing from the table and you look around to find that he's vanished from the face of the earth, don't get peeved. Call one of the other waiters and tell him about it, and when he tells you that he'll send a bus to look for your waiter, don't ask him why he can't get it for you himself, as long as it's right on the next table. He just can't! Would you have him incur the scorn of the union by this breach of waiterial etiquette?

And after you've eaten all your meat and all your vegetables and you've saved a fraction of a potato to put your salt on when you DO get it, don't exclaim that you're going to have him FIRED, by gosh! Give him the benefit of the doubt. He may be in the throes of pinochle down in the kitchen, for all you know, and the lady'll say you're a horrid brute to treat a man that way just because he's a waiter!

After you have finished your meal and you say to the presiding genius:

"Let me have a good, medium cigar."

And he says:

"Yes, sir; something about three for a dollar, sir?"

Be a sport. Don't beat him down and don't have heart failure when you apply the flaming match to the stylish weed. Be an actor—and get away with it.

The time has now come for you to demand the check. At first glance at the sum total there will be a cold clutch near your lungs and you'll think, "Ah, how addition has changed since I was a lad!" Don't rack your brains about that puzzling little item of twenty cents. It's bread and butter for two. Pay for it even though you chide yourself for having eaten bread and butter all these years with such lavish recklessness and an utter lack of appreciation!

In closing, let me say that when you have given half your income to the waiter as a tip, and he hasn't even muttered a benediction, don't be downcast. Go out and slip the hilarious hatboy what remains of your sinking fund, and the only thing that's up to you now is to steer your girl due north before she hears the piteous appeal of the taxicab bandit!

Is Your Child Doing Well At School?

By W. D. Pulvermacher.

ARITHMETIC (II).

AFTER the conscientious parent, who is desirous that his boy be not deficient in arithmetic, has thoroughly drilled the child in the four fundamental operations, then the time has come to proceed to more involved, more complicated problems.

After you have explained the method by which a certain kind of problem can be done, be certain that before the lad does a stroke of work on paper he estimates what the result should be. If he can give you the approximate answer, then you can be certain that he understands the method. In addition, it is your duty to develop the habit of estimating, valuable mental training and a check upon the boy, that will prevent him from "diving into" a problem before he fully realizes what is before him.

Be careful to have real sympathy for the boy if he does not grasp an idea at once; but not the weak-kneed kind of sympathy that does not demand concentrated attention. Do not allow the boy to acquire the habit of allowing his mind to wander off to other realms.

Insist that the child write all numbers plainly, that they be rightly placed under the proper figures and that the whole work be well arranged.

Be certain that, when you explain this or that method, you advance by clearly defined steps and that you do not take a second step before the first has been thoroughly mastered by the child.

When giving problems, be certain that your concrete examples are those taken from the boy's life or from things dealing with that with which the boy is familiar. It would be a mistake to give him a problem in brokerage, after having taught him simple percentage. True, the work and method is the same; but the boy is not familiar with the meaning of commission, par values, stock corporations and so on, and a mistake of that character will only serve to deaden the child's interest in the subject.

Some of the Good Stories of the Day.

Teaching Her to Swim.

A SMALL boy went up to another in the street and said: "Can you tell a feller how to learn a girl to swim?"

"Oh!" said the other kiddie, "you goes up to her gentle like, leads her gently down to the water, puts yer arm gentle round her waist"——

"Oh, go on!" interrupted the boy; "what's the matter with yer? She's my sister!"

"Yer sister? Oh, shove her in!"—Philadelphia Record.

Didn't Need the Water.

"IN the days of the old Volunteer Fire Department there was more quenching of thirst than quenching of conflagrations," said Fire Chief Kenlon of New York.

"The volunteer firemen, I'm afraid, were a sad lot of roysterers. There's a story they tell about a fire back in 1860.

"It was a fire at an outlying farm, and when the firemen arrived with engine and hose the buildings were pretty well destroyed.

"The farmer met them at the gate. He said bitterly:

"'No use yer comin' in, here. There hain't a drop of water within two mile of me.'

"But the firemen, mindful of the usual merry-making that accompanied every fire, pushed right on with the apparatus.

"'Oh, that's all right,' they said heartily. 'We don't mind drinking it straight.'"—Boston Herald.

Accidental Response.

A SCHOOL concert of all things! Four little girls were dressed to represent the word "Star," and each had one letter of that word pinned on to her snowy white dress. Each letter began the verse of a touching little song.

"Now, my dears," said the mistress, "form yourselves in position, and wait until the curtain goes up."

The little girls did as they were told, and while the piano played the accompaniment the curtain went up.

Instead of applause to greet the little girls, howls from the audience met them.

"Rats!" was the word they spelled, not "Star."—London Answers.

Vengeance.

BILSON, who is a stout man, was running to catch a train the other day, when his friend Jones called out, "Hallos, Bilson! In a hurry! Going somewhere?

Keeping his breath for other purposes, Bilson made no reply, but he determined to take a terrible revenge. About 1 o'clock next morning he called Jones up on the telephone. After a deal of ringing a sleepy voice at the other end of the wire told him Jones was there.

"That you, Jones?" queried Bilson.

"Who do you want?" asked Jones. "You've been in bed these two hours."

"I'm Bilson," went on the other. "Remember seeing me running this morning, eh? Yes? Well, I was going somewhere, and I was in a hurry. Good-night."

Then Bilson hung up the receiver and got back into bed a happy man.—Tit-Bits.

Her Rake-Off.

PROUD and pompous, the doctor was strolling down the street, when he was spoken to by a poor woman.

"Good morning, sir," remarked the latter.

"Good morning, madam," replied the medico.

"I expect you are making a good thing out of attending to that rich Smith boy?" said the lady.

"Oh, yes, a fairly good fee," replied the doctor, somewhat angrily.

"Well, whispered the lady, "I hope you won't forget that it was my Willie who threw the brick that hit him."—London Answers.

Women Who Helped Build America

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 13—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE; the "Woman Who Brought on the War."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, during the dark days of the civil war, looked down from his great height upon a fragile, strong-faced woman who had called at the White House at his request. With his rare smile that ever carried with it the suggestion of tears, he said, half-quizzically, half-mournfully:

'So you are the little woman who brought on this great war!"

The "little woman" was Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe, who was at that moment the most popular writer on earth, and whose first book was read just then by more persons than was any other volume except the Bible.

Mrs. Stowe was one of the thirteen children of Lyman Beecher, a New England clergyman, and was a sister of Henry Ward Beecher. She began life as a school teacher, moving in early womanhood to Cincinnati with her father, and in 1836, at the age of twenty-five, marrying Prof. Calvin Stowe. Cincinnati, being just across the border from Kentucky, was the goal of many a runaway slave. Pro-slavery and anti-slavery feeling ran high in the Ohio city, and at the head of the anti-slavery faction were Mrs. Stowe and her husband. They hid fugitive negroes in their house and helped to smuggle them North toward the safety of Canada. Mrs. Stowe learned at first hand the horrors of the man-hunt and she learned to loathe slavery.

Already she had had to eke out the very scanty family fortunes by writing. Soon after she moved back to the East, she resolved to use her pen as a weapon against slave-holding. Accordingly, she wrote a serial story for the National Era, an abolition paper, published in Washington, called "Uncle Tom's Cabin; or Life Among the Lowly." For this serial she received $300. A publisher asked leave to bring it out as a book, paying her a 10 per cent. royalty. On March 20, 1852, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared in book form.

A Story That Led to Battles.

Within four months Mrs. Stowe's royalties amounted to $10,000. The book was translated into twenty-three languages, and ran through more than fifty editions. It was not great from a literary standpoint, nor was its story exceedingly well told. But it was supremely timely. It swept the civilized world like wildfire. It painted slavery in colors that called forth a cry of amazement and horror from every quarter of the earth. The South vehemently denied the truth of the book. So Mrs. Stowe published in "A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin" a set of documents and affidavits proving her statements.

Later she followed this with another slave story, "Dred; a Tale of the Dismal Swamp." Like most attempts to duplicate a success, the second novel fell more or less flat. Though she afterward wrote dozens of altogether delightful books and many beautiful poems, Mrs. Stowe is generally known only as "Uncle Tom's" author.

The flame of indignation that she had stirred into life grew hotter and stronger until it was quenched at last in the life-blood of a nation. Such sympathy as the Union cause received from Europe in those trying times was due chiefly to the impression made by "Uncle Tom's Cabin." When Mrs. Stowe went to England the anti-slavery element there gave a banquet in her honor and she was seated beneath a United States flag from which the "stripes" had been cut. She came in for a storm of criticism for consenting to the mutilation of Old Glory, albeit the "mutilation" was merely intended to represent the freeing of the negro from the stripes of the slave owner's whip.

The Byron Tragedy.

Mrs. Stowe incurred far harsher criticism as the result of something else that happened while she was in England. There she met Lady Byron, widow of the poet, and heard from the Englishwoman a version of the quarrel which had parted the Byrons. Mrs. Stowe, aflame with sympathy over the widow's real or fancied wrongs at the hands of her poet and husband, wrote for a magazine in America "The True Story of Lady Byron's Life." This "True Story" contained language that even the most vulgarly outspoken magazine of to-day would probably hesitate to print.

At once an avalanche of condemnation from all quarters overwhelmed Mrs. Stowe, nearly breaking her heart and temporarily stripping her of much of her great popularity. She never fully recovered from the blow.

The "little woman who brought on this great war" lived, widowed and old in her Hartford (Conn.) home until her death in 1896. In her last years her mind failed. She played with little children, and wandered about the fields, weaving daisy chains, crooning old hymns and telling people of wonderful dreams she had had. One of America's mightiest intellects had crumbled slowly into a beautiful decay.

A Handful of Interesting Facts

(From The World Almanac.)

The World's Young Women's Christian Association was formed in 1894. The main headquarters is in London, England. Eighteen national associations are now affiliated.

It is estimated that 30,000,000,000 letters have passed through the post-offices of the world during the past year and that nearly 15,000,000,000 newspapers were delivered by the various mail carriers.

The new dock at Liverpool, England, will be completed the early part of the coming summer. The dock is 1,020 feet long (nearly 140 feet longer than the steamer Olympic) and has an entrance of 120 feet wide.

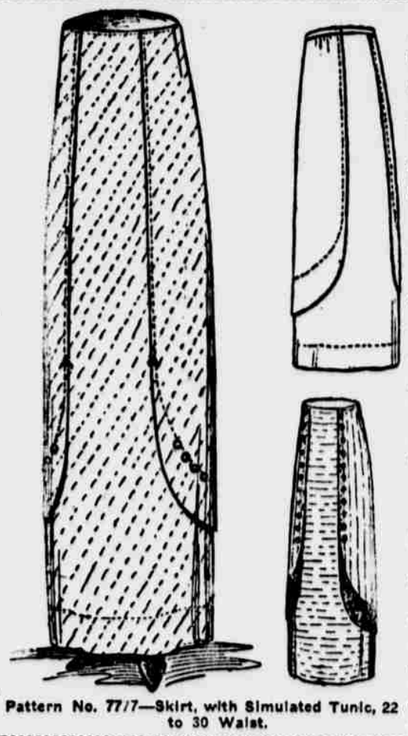
Knights of Pythias have a membership of 710,637; the Elks have a membership list of 384,742, and the Knights of Columbus, 282,906.

Cherrapongee, in Southwestern Assam, is known as the wettest place in the world, 905 inches of rain having fallen there in 1861.

The greatest altitude in New York State is at Mount Marcy, in the Adirondacks, where the peak rises to a height of 5,344 feet.

Because of the lunar surface gravity on the moon a body which weighs twenty-pounds here would weigh only three pounds there.

The May Manton Fashions



ALL tunic and over skirt effects are fashionable this spring and this model is one of the most attractive that has been brought out. It consists of a two-piece skirt with the tunic portions arranged over the sides and the two are stitched together a few inches above the lower edge of the tunic portion; thus, in reality, the two are in one, though the effect of a separate tunic is given. The skirt can be finished at the high or the natural waist line as may be preferred. It can be combined with a waist to make an entire gown or it can be used as a part of a coat suit. The material in the illustration is diagonal cloth. If liked, two materials could be used to give a very smart effect; for example, the main portions could be of checked and the tunic portions of plain material. In one of the small views, the lower edges of the tunic portions are overfaced with a contrasting material and the suggestion is a very pretty one.

For the medium size the skirt will require 4 3-4 yards of material 27 or 36 or 3 3-4 yards 44 inches wide, with 5-8 yard 27 to trim as shown in the small view. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards.

Pattern No. 7777 is cut in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

Pattern No. 7777—Skirt, with Simulated Tunic, 22 to 30 Waist.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 100 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.